Rockefeller and 1964 *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

January 4, 1964, 35 cents

A Look at the Future

Alexander M. Bickel on Civil Rights

Bonne Année, Oncle Charles

Wilton Dillon

The Superlative Dandy

Charles Angoff

"America America"

Stanley Kauffmann

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T.R.B. from Washington

Johnson Steam Roller

★ Christmas and Congress have come and gone; the flags are full-staff again.

We joined a sad throng in the biting cold at the foot of the steps of the Lincoln Memorial that Sunday before Christmas. Somehow or other people did not want to let go of President Kennedy. No ceremony quite fits the end of a period of mourning and yet, there we were in the gloaming. White candles, pierced through ordinary sheets of white paper, were made available by church groups in booths, contributions to be used to promote tolerance and fight "hate."

Memory turned to that mild August 28 when the great March on Washington rallied at this very spot, the hopeful, docile tens of thousands, the sprinkler trucks with bubble fountains on the sides, the message from Mr. Kennedy. Now it was wan December, four short months later, the reflecting pool frozen, the crowd subdued and removing hats or putting them on again to assorted prayers . . . wanting to hold on to something that was going away forever. The same little moon that marked that horrible first night was in the sky. We lit our candle and came away, the lights flickering in the sunset. We noted these things: the Lincoln Memorial is more and more becoming the great shrine of the American people, the outdoor church, the Parthenon; the song, "America the Beautiful," which we sang at the end, is more and more becoming the real national anthem; and finally, we noted the quite splendid quality of Lyndon Johnson's delivery as he spoke his little farewell to the shining young man who is already a legend. The words were reasonably good but it was the deep feeling of the voice that exactly fitted the mood of melancholy dignity.

The next day, in quite a different mood, the new President took on House Republican leader Charlie Halleck. We mean no criticism when we say that President Kennedy was chary of direct clashes with Congress. But things are changing. Mr. Halleck had precipitated an intolerable situation where it was a question whether he or the White House was making foreign policy.

The Republicans engineered a tough-on-Russia amendment to the savagely reduced foreign aid bill. The technical effect of the amendment was to kill any wheat deal with the Soviets. It was a plain test of Mr. Johnson's nerve. A big batch of Congressmen had slipped home for Christmas as an inglorious finale to a demoralized session. A weak President would have let things slide. Our man Johnson didn't do that; "Come back here and legislate," he said grimly. From their hearthsides and Christmas shopping many truants returned. It was touch-and-go for a while as a great white snow settled on the frozen capital, disrupting air schedules. Mr. Halleck capered in the wings. But the President neatly defined the issue and isolated the obstructionists. If they didn't like working Christmas Eve, he drily intimated, they could thank their old friend, Charlie Halleck. You could hear the big Johnson steam roller throb and chug. It won, 189 votes to 158.

We don't wear our enthusiasm on our sleeve, but if Mr. Johnson had dodged this one we think he would have been a dead duck; as it is, he showed steely nerve and put on as pretty a display as we have seen for some time. A strong hand is at the wheel.

Preachers of Fear

★ We have before us an outline map of the United States sprinkled over with fly specks. The map is prepared by COPE, the Committee on Political Education, AFL-CIO, 815 16th Street, Washington, D. C., and each speck represents a center where right wing broadcasts are currently being made.

We devoted space recently to oil millionaire H. L. Hunt's "Life Lines," whose propaganda programs are tax deductible as educational. This map by COPE is broader; if you want to send in a dollar the committee will send you the map and a year's subscription.

Six thousand times a week, in more than 500 communities, this right wing propaganda is beamed into the American sitting room, by radio and TV. We mentioned buying a candle at the Lincoln Memorial to help dispel the shadows of "hate." These programs often help, we believe, to disseminate this hatred. It is extraordinary how omnipresent they are and how little publicity they receive. Day after day, they go on, preaching fear of the Federal Government, the United Nations, the Supreme Court, the public school system, civil rights, trade unions, liberal groups and the intellect itself. John Kennedy symbolized the effort of reason to combat chaos and chaos finally slew him. Listen to excerpts taken by COPE from some of these broadcasts (Carl McIntire's Twentieth Century Reformation Hour, 530 stations; Life Lines, 324; Manion Forum, 313; Billy James Hargis, 200; Howard Kershner, 148; Dan Smoot, 133; Church League of America, 14). Judge how near to the surface chaos is in America.

"There are ample grounds for impeachment, not only of Warren, but of all nine Supreme Court Justices" – Dan Smoot.

"[The 16th, income tax, amendment] is the very prescription given by Karl Marx. . . . The Communists want it" – Manion Forum.

"The . . . UN has through the years been used as a forum to advance Communism" – Life Lines.

". . . The Negro in America will soon realize that liberal politicians and agitators have led him to disaster. The whole nation will suffer" – Dan Smoot.

The Life Lines program and McIntire's run five-day-a-week programs lasting 15 minutes or half an hour. Others are shorter. It is hard to find a citizen who hasn't heard radio statements like these, but often they are treated jokingly as one man tells another about "the crackpots." They are the kind of programs, however, that the brooding Oswalds of the left or right wing, listen to and sometimes act on.

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AID's Blind Alley

Foreign aid was in a fix long before the 88th Congress slashed it, as Senator Gruening's dissent in *The New Republic* last November, and a letter we publish in this issue, make clear. The truth is that bilateral aid has led the US into a blind alley, where allies lie in ambush for one another. The time is overdue for an overhaul, not another Clay Report. But let the enemies of foreign aid forbear to cheer: a thorough review would more likely lead to greater spending than less.

There are complaints that subsidies are given to countries that then refuse to do what we think is best. But there are counter-complaints that we twist the arms of the recipients, after giving aid that costs us little. Unwise attempts have been made to "sell" foreign aid to an increasingly skeptical Congress, on the ground that this is one way to sustain exports, maintain employment, stop the gold drain and Communism too. The skeptics point out that the need to expand exports (which have more than doubled in value since 1950) arises partly from the adverse impact of aid on the balance of payments.

It is claimed that the aid "finances" eleven percent of US exports and accounts for "sales" worth $2.3 billion, over half from farm surpluses, the rest including such items as locomotives and iron and steel. But the president of the World Bank, George Woods, has attacked such tied bilateral aid as a form of protection, of subsidizing exports, sometimes at the expense of the countries we are supposed to be helping. He thinks it is hurting international trade.

If the US does not tie such economic strings to its aid, other industrial countries get both the export orders and the dollars from, say, Brazil or India, and may use the dollars to buy US gold instead of US goods. Until 1960, the countries receiving US aid were spending 40 cents of every aid dollar in Western Europe, not in the US. Since Washington tied defensive economic strings to its aid, only eight cents of each aid dollar are spent in Europe; 77 cents are spent in the US, and 15 cents in other countries.

In consequence, the European countries have stepped up their own aid programs. This sounds great. But European aid has been stepped up at least in part in a frank bid to maintain Europe's exports to the developing countries. Since an aim is to sell goods, little attempt is made to discourage borrowers using the loans for steel plants or airlines that are purely for prestige. And to pay the interest, sometimes over five percent, the borrowers must earmark big slices of their own meager export earnings. Aid is misused; aid has strings tied to it to

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help the donor at least as much as the receiver. Finally, the aid given is not enough to get the countries the US is trying to help into a position where they no longer need American crutches. This statement will seem monstrous to those who fulminate that billions of dollars are far too much. But the hard facts are that US economic aid has averaged about a third of one percent of US income since the end of the Second World War, and that for most developing countries being aided, all the foreign assistance they get from all sources averages only about one percent of their national incomes. And the rich nations are getting richer, but the poor nations even with aid are barely holding their own. Never in history has the world held so many poor and hungry people, and never before have they been increasing at so prodigious a rate. Each year there are 50 million more people on earth. Three out of five of them are Asians.

A proper aim of aid is to help such countries expand their export earnings enough to pay for the imports they need to raise their living standards. This would make the aid self-liquidating. This is not at all the same thing as using aid as an instrument to boost the exports of the countries giving the aid. Thus, for instance, it would help if the 15 cents of every dollar of aid that are spent in the underdeveloped countries themselves, were raised to 25 or 50 cents, even at the expense of the 77 cents of each aid dollar that return promptly to the US.

In many cases the need for aid might vanish altogether, if the advanced countries bought more from the less-developed countries. For the less-developed countries depend on the advanced countries for the sale of two-thirds of their exports, and a slight fall in such sales can cancel out all the good done by a billion dollars of aid.

The remedy is for the advanced countries, led by the US, to arrest the melancholy decline of aid into a gimmick for giving one country's exports to Africa or Asia an edge over the exports of its competitors; and to restore aid to its original concept, as a praiseworthy response by the conscience of the West to the need and poverty of the non-Western three-fourths of mankind. To do this, the advanced nations must stop competing and begin seriously combining their efforts.

Because a prime aim must be to put backward countries into the orbit of self-sustaining improvement and so make the aid self-liquidating, a corollary is the deliberate creation of a coherent pattern of world trade, that will include the developing nations. This isn't going to be easy. Congress conceivably might prefer to cut bilateral aid to zero, rather than put the American contribution into an international pool. Yet a multinational approach may be the only way to make foreign aid do its proper job. Simply slashing funds as the 88th Congress has done, risks throwing away most of the $35 billion the US has invested to date in Latin America, Asia and Africa.

Succession Law

At his news conference on December 18, President Johnson said that he had no plans to ask for legislation on the problem of Presidential succession. He had considered the matter, and had already "taken the action that I thought was necessary and desirable. I have a complete understanding and agreement with Mr. McCormack." The President meant that he had made arrangements to keep Speaker McCormack informed on security affairs, and that he and the Speaker had come to an agreement, textually the same as one reached by Mr. Kennedy with the then Vice President Johnson, under which Mr. McCormack would act as President in the event Mr. Johnson was disabled by illness, and Mr. Johnson would resume his duties upon recovery.

Mr. Johnson perhaps feels that he has now, and is likely to have in the coming election year, enough troubles with Congress without taking the initiative to change an existing succession law which places the Speaker of the House first in line, and which Speaker McCormack has publicly declared, strikes him as being quite satisfactory. But the present law is in fact both unsatisfactory as far as it goes, and a seriously incomplete solution to the total problem. Hence matters cannot be allowed to rest there. It is encouraging to be able to note that Senator Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) expects to open hearings on the succession problem early in the new year before a subcommittee on constitutional amendments of which he is chairman.

The state of the present law is not, on reflection, really satisfactory even to those who profess to be content with the prospect – however hopefully remote – of Speaker McCormack's accession to the Presidency. There are at least two grave defects in the law.

First, it is impossible for a man, no matter how vigorous and able, who carries the responsibilities of the Speakership – often said to be the second most powerful national office – to find the resources of time and attention needed for the sort of participation in the making of national security and foreign policies that equip a man to carry on without a break, as did Mr. Johnson, in the event of his accession to the Presidency. Moreover, this is still in significant ways a government structured on the principle of the separation of powers, in which the executive and the legislature are in some measure in an adversary posture one against the other. Is it possible that Mr. Speaker, who is a creature of the House and its head, not in any sense a member of the executive branch, should not feel

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inhibited as a participant in the making of executive policy, and should not be an inhibiting presence in executive councils? The President and the Speaker both took cognizance of this difficulty when they agreed that the Speaker should sit in on National Security Council meetings only to the extent consistent with his legislative duties. Vice Presidents, on the other hand, have at least in recent times considered themselves members of the executive branch, and they are statutory members of the Security Council.

Secondly, as Walter Lippmann has pointedly asked, if the Speaker should take over as Chief Executive under his agreement with Mr. Johnson in the event of a disabling Presidential illness, how could he "act as President without resigning his seat and the Speakership?" And then what would happen to him after the President recovered? Back to Massachusetts? And what of the House? No Speaker? An Acting Speaker? These seem like trivial questions – as do those of a lawyer who drafts a will – only because one fervently hopes they will never arise.

A way must be found, as we have been urging in these columns, to fill the vacant Vice Presidency. It is no longer the sinecure that John Adams held with such contempt, nor the office that so many tired politicians have occupied with such stunning lack of distinction. It is a full-time executive job, and an office on which, at a moment's notice, the fate of mankind can come to depend.

Senator Bayh has proposed, by way of a starting point for hearings before his subcommittee, that within 30 days of a vacancy occurring in the Vice Presidency, either by the elevation of the Vice President or by his death or resignation or otherwise, the President shall nominate a Vice President, subject to confirmation by majority vote of both Houses of Congress, presumably sitting in joint session. It has also been suggested that the President might nominate a list of three candidates, from among whom Congress should choose a Vice President. These proposals, we think, look to the proper kind of solution. But Congress should be explicitly required to act by separate votes in each House. For the House and the Senate represent very different constituencies, and the Senate's, paradoxically enough, is more nearly a straight-out majoritarian constituency these days, since statewide elections, even in states of unequal size, tend to give due weight to urban populations. Only when they act together can the two Houses come somewhere near to a fair reflection of the will of a national majority, and when they sit together, the votes of the Senators are unduly diluted.

We also think it better to give the President a veto rather than the power to nominate. To let him send up just one name is to give him more decisive a voice than seems necessary. A veto is, of course, not a mere negative power, but would insert the President affirmatively into all stages of the process of selection. It seems more in line with our preferred tradition of selection of Presidential candidates (which is, to be sure, not always followed, and hardly ever followed with respect to Vice Presidential candidates in the normal nominating process) to leave the field open, and subject to being narrowed by several ballots in Congress, rather than to allow the President to restrict it to a given number.

Senator Bayh's proposal also deals in detail, and on the whole wisely, with the problem of temporary Presidential disability, giving Congress a function in this respect also, and this time providing for the concurrent action of the two Houses voting separately. But his entire proposal is cast in the form of a constitutional amendment, which is unnecessary and undesirable. There is little real question of the power of Congress to deal with the problem by statute. Any constitutional amendment that can be avoided is, in general, well avoided, for to deal with a matter constitutionally is often to foreclose future flexibility. Finally and conclusively, no constitutional amendment could possibly be enacted in time to take care of the problem we face now, in the year before a new elected Vice President can take office in January, 1965.

A Penny Saved . . .

Paperwork not only breeds more paper, it also breeds more people. So at least President Johnson seems to think. Brooding about overstaffing and Parkinson's Law, mindful that Ben Franklin and the legend of thrift still sets well with voters, and worried by the thought that the Defense Department alone spends nowadays 15 times what the entire government operation cost when he came to Washington 32 years ago, the President has been meditating aloud about a possible 10 percent cut in government personnel ("nine out of 10 do a full day's work, but . . ."). He has been meditating so hard that he stayed up until after midnight Christmas Eve finalizing, as they say, an order to Federal agencies to strip their work "to essentials." He announced that the budget he will send to Congress in a few weeks "will not only halt the growth in Federal employment, but will actually make a small reduction" from the 1963 level. Then – as new Presidents do – he set himself apart from the others: "Nothing like this has happened in the last decade."

Probably it won't come to anything as drastic as Coolidge. Economy drives are a very old story in the capital. Old State Department hands recall for instance the day a decree went forth that pencils must not be discarded just because they had been worn down to under three-quarters of an inch in length. To render

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such stubs still usable, metal holders were obtained, and furnished to all staffers. Cynics calculated that the cost of the holders exceeded the savings from continuing to write with the stubs.

This too may be the consequence of the new Johnson decree about fewer automobiles for top brass in government. At US embassies throughout the world, there are limousines complete with US flags, for the nation's top representatives abroad. Now, 355 of the limousines are to be sold off, in the name of frugality. But they are to be replaced with new but smaller cars and there has been speculation that the cost may outweigh the savings, especially if the limousines are suddenly dumped on an inelastic market.

In Washington, 16 government VIP's will find themselves chauffeurless, including David Bell, the AID Administrator. But the Defense Department will still have 10 chauffeur-driven limousines, compared with eight for Cabinet members, and only two for the State Department. The Defense Department presumably can still afford the limousines, because it is to close down 26 bases at home and seven abroad, to save an estimated $106 million a year.

Unaffected so far by the economies is the Congress, which firmly believes in marble fronts and in subways for itself if not for the serfs of the District of Columbia, and the White House, where the only economy so far effected has been the switching off of lights in rooms not being used, on the orders of President Johnson, who is reported to be pretty strict about not leaving lights on back home at the LBJ ranch.

But Congress has slashed the money asked for the Visit the USA campaign, from $4.2 to $2.6 million, even though the imbalance arising from the difference between the dollars spent by carefree American tourists abroad and the money spent by foreign tourists in the US has been running at an alarming $1.4 billion a year. With the economizers on the march, only the New York World's Fair may be left to lure in this year's tourists to save the day.

The Man of Virtue

Nelson Rockefeller

"There is a poem to be made on the bird that has but one wing." – Apollinaire

The Rockefellers must have spent more money for a longer period of time than any other American family on the struggle to make the behavioral sciences exact. Now every measure these sciences have developed must tell Nelson Rockefeller, the great prince of the family, that his prospects for the Republican presidential nomination are almost hopeless. Every event has left him weaker in the polls; his decline after Mr. Kennedy's death was less precipitate than Senator Goldwater's only because he had less distance to fall.

There is hardly a visible standard of power analysis or market research which does not define him as a bird that has but one wing. Yet he dismisses every scientific principle and proposes to try and fly on nothing else except his faith in himself and in his star. He is one Rockefeller who belongs not to the social sciences but to the novel and the poem.

He will contest the New Hampshire Republican primary on March 10, and no matter what happens to him there, he insists he will try again in California in June. That plan would commit him to the first primary and to the last important one.

He clearly does not yet believe – nothing between now and the convention may induce him to believe – that a time must come when he has to throw the majesty of his office and his means behind some other Republican candidate.

He shows no signs of considering a second choice. If he were, Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania would certainly seem closest to him in spirit, geography and enterprise. Rockefeller will concede, and warmly, that Scranton is "well-oriented." But there is, he quickly proceeds, the matter of experience. That standard of experience would seem to take care of George Romney, who hasn't enough of it, and of Richard Nixon who has so much of it as to have been disabled by it. And the few plausible Republican Senators at hand can be dismissed by Rockefeller's general judgment that legislative experience is more apt to damage than to improve a man's executive capacities.

Now such sentiments are self-esteem of the sort which seems necessary confidence in a politician on the rise, but arrogance in a politician on the decline.

Yet Mr. Rockefeller's arrogance is at once more complicated and more attractive. No visitor can talk long to him about government without hearing him say, "There is no problem that cannot be solved." That, of course, is the particular *hubris* of our American century. And, when it is reduced to personal terms, anyone can sense the Governor still feeling that there is no head so stubborn that it cannot be turned. Long before his remarriage, every poll indicated that an unexpected number of ordinary Republicans distrusted him; yet it remains impossible for him to believe that anyone he can get to sit down and listen to him will not arise trusting him as he knows he deserves to be trusted.

Rockefeller remembers, with surprise, an experience he had with Mr. Kennedy just after the 1961 inauguration, when he went to see the President to offer his advice and assistance on the Latin-American problem.

"I could see, after awhile, that he did not trust me,"

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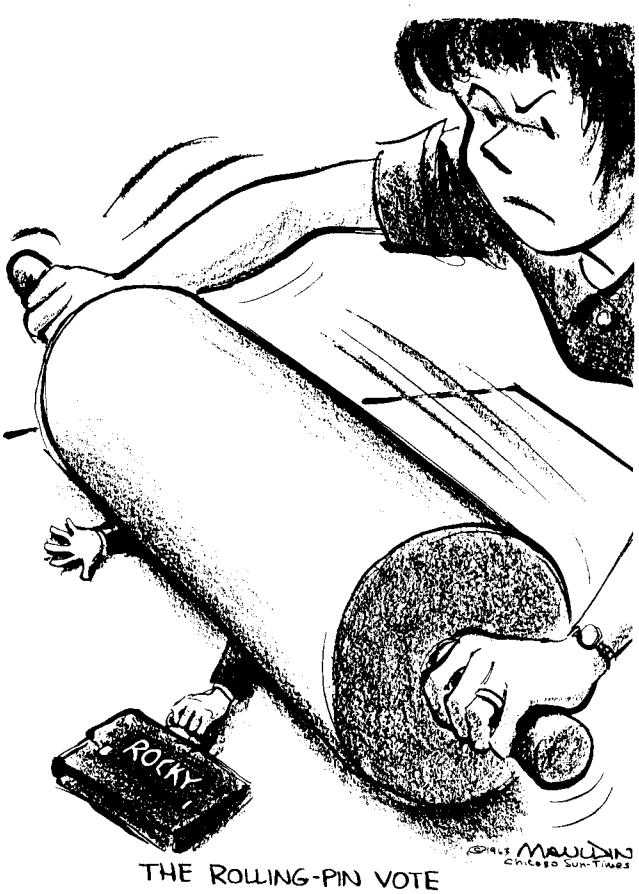
Rockefeller recalls. He had begun already to appreciate Mr. Kennedy's force and grace, but the President's attitude still seems to him incomprehensible, except as the consequence of the wrong sort of prior experience. "Not to trust people is something that you pick up as a legislator," he says. "As an administrator, you have to learn to trust people." It does not occur to him that Mr. Kennedy was sitting with a man who he very probably thought would have been elected if the Republicans had given him the chance in 1960 and who plainly wanted the chance in 1964. The President could thus hardly be expected to greet Nelson Rockefeller as a man entirely detached from political self-interest; yet Governor Rockefeller remains surprised.

He will be just as surprised if, after six weeks of seeing him among their snows, the New Hampshire Republicans do not accept him either. Nelson Rockefeller's hopes are sustained less by the memory of the magic he worked on New York's voters in 1958 and which has not been conspicuous since, than by this refusal to believe that, once seen, he can be distrusted.

If this were mere reliance on a confidence trick, the Governor's fate would be no more interesting than any ordinary politician's. But he is different because he has been captured even more than other Americans by that image of the Rockefellers as selfless servants of the public good which was Ivy Lee's invention. The Governor will go to New Hampshire because he will not give up the assurance that, when Americans look upon a Rockefeller, they see him not as merely shrewd but as essentially a good fellow.



THE ROLLING-PIN VOTE

In this spirit, the Governor would rather talk about government, which represents virtue, than about campaigning, which represents calculation. Yet when he talks about his performance in New York, there is a depressing sense that virtue has done him less good than calculation. He respects his legislative assistants and is grateful to them; but it pains him that they must live in an atmosphere where they must so often work his will with the argument that "that bastard upstairs wants this and we have to give it to him." His record is impressive because his ideas are bold, and because Republican legislators do what they have to. Yet his public bond issues do not do much better at the polls than those of other governors. He tries to reach the people; but in New York, they do not seem significantly less distrusting than citizens in any other state. He has to get what he wants by haggling and adjusting to the calculations of professionals; and by the calculations of these very professionals, he is debarred as a candidate for President. Yet he refuses to believe them.

The family history thus goes back to its source. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., created the fortune by acting alone; John D. Rockefeller, Jr., preserved it, increased and dispensed it as a collective enterprise guided by the caution and judgment of more different sorts of experts than any private American has ever employed. Now the most expert advice is that Nelson Rockefeller cannot be nominated; nevertheless he will enter the New Hampshire primary. How much like his grandfather he has turned out to be, after all.

Murray Kempton

Oyster Stew

In October, the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department's weekly newsletter said six people had come down with dysentery from eating raw oysters collected along the shore of Great Bay, located in the southeastern corner of the state next to Maine. Soon afterward, Archie Freeman, a US Public Health Service official in Boston, asked the New Hampshire Department of Health for a permit to collect some bay shellfish to determine the source of contamination. Thus began a particularly interesting incident within the Public Health Service concerning water pollution.

PHS publishes a weekly report listing the commercial suppliers of clams and oysters who fish in unpolluted waters. The list is posted in the major wholesale fish markets around the country. The states police their own oyster and clam beds, but the Environmental

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Engineering and Food Protection Division of PHS checks state procedures from time to time – which is why the Boston office was interested in Great Bay. Although the area had been out of bounds to commercial operators for some time, the report in the newsletter suggested that just possibly the state's policing might be inadequate.

On October 25, the New Hampshire Health Department notified the Boston office that the inspection permit would not be granted. PHS was warned that if federal inspectors tried to collect shellfish, they would be arrested.

That same day, Archie Freeman took his problem to Herbert Rogers, who heads the water supply and pollution control program in New England. Rogers phoned Murray Stein, chief of the division's enforcement branch, in Washington. Stein offered to find out whether some of Great Bay's pollution was originating in another state. He suggested that the first step could be an analysis of the bay's contaminated shellfish. Since PHS is authorized by law to investigate any suspected water pollution, while the shellfish certification program is voluntary, Stein believed that a state permit would not be required.

Freeman vetoed this plan, however. A few days later, he called Rogers and said, according to Rogers, that "to proceed with the sampling would be detrimental to his program with the state of New Hampshire."

Then, Freeman, Rogers, and other regional PHS officials discussed the Great Bay situation further. Freeman repeated his objection to going ahead without state permission, and no one apparently tried to change his mind. The whole matter was referred up the line to Assistant Secretary James M. Quigley, Mr. Celebrezze's chief political handyman.

Quigley phoned the director of the regional office, Lawrence Bresnahan, and told him essentially what Stein had told Rogers: that the only way the federal government could get shellfish from Great Bay was by launching a pollution abatement study. Quigley then called New Hampshire's Governor, John King, a Democrat, and suggested that King bring state officials and regional Public Health Service representatives together in a meeting.

They met November 22 and agreed that the state would begin a shellfish study at the bay on November 25. No one knows when, if ever, it will be completed. At this November 22 meeting, according to Rogers, some state officials admitted that raw feces and industrial wastes from Maine are partly responsible for turning Great Bay into a cesspool – a fact that gives the federal government explicit responsibility to move in, under the federal water pollution control act.

But those who have been following the administration of this Act weren't astonished at what happened. Most PHS officials do not want to upset their cordial relations with state health and pollution control officers, as Freeman's action indicated. They tend to share the attitude of many state agencies that water pollution is not serious until it poses a health hazard of epidemic proportions. This is one reason the federal anti-pollution effort to date has not accomplished very much. The Senate recently passed a bill which would transfer enforcement of the Act from PHS to a new administration directly under the Secretary of HEW. But the Surgeon General's office, with Mr. Celebrezze's approval, has been hard at work to kill the proposal in the House. There the PHS has the support of Republicans who are seeking to filibuster the bill to death in the Public Works Committee.

The Public Health Service's troubles with the University of New Hampshire provide a footnote to the Great Bay pollution story. For the past nine years, the University has been studying the bay's contaminated shellfish, under a PHS grant which, to date, totals well over $100,000. Last month, the Boston office asked for technical data developed by this research. But the grantee, Dr. Lawrence Slanetz, head of the bacteriology department, declined to release it. PHS officials did not push him. Slanetz is planning to read a paper on his work at a water pollution conference in Tokyo next summer, and he does not want to release any of the findings prematurely. The cost of this conference, incidentally, will be borne largely by the United States government.

Phil Hirsch

Cambodia – Why the Crisis?

The rift between the United States and Cambodia has taken on, over the past weeks, all the earmarks of a Graustarkian comedy that would be excruciatingly funny if its long-range consequences for all of war-torn Southeast Asia were not so tragic.

In view of America's all-out support for Cambodia's most inimical neighbors, Thailand and South Vietnam, the position of US missions in Phnom-Penh had always been delicate. The fully-confirmed discovery and arrest in 1958 of South Vietnamese military intelligence officers in northwestern Cambodia, near Angkor Vat, equipped with brand-new US Army Signal Corps apparatus from US-donated Vietnamese stocks, had once before brought relations between the United States and Cambodia's impulsive but popular Prince Norodom Sihanouk to the breaking point.

The continuing existence of a strongly audible *Khmer-Serei* ["Free Cambodia"] anti-Sihanouk radio station in South Vietnam (along with armed elements under such rebel Cambodians as Son Ngoc Thanh and

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Sam Sary) became the straw that broke the Prince's back. Those elements had been supported financially and materially over the years by Diem's and Nhu's "Special Forces" which – as became public knowledge in August, 1963 – had in turn been subsidized by the Central Intelligence Agency.

All urgent requests by Phnom-Penh to Washington to silence the *Khmer-Serei* were turned down on the double (and flimsy) grounds that this was a "South Vietnamese internal matter" and technically "unfeasible." The art of radio direction-finding being what it is and the late Diem's sources of support having been what they were, the Cambodians felt – erroneously, beyond a doubt, considering the usual candor which prevails in Washington when it comes to Vietnam – that they were being made fools of. Sihanouk then demanded the total withdrawal of all American aid missions from Cambodia as of the beginning of 1964.

Thereupon came the assassination of Diem, followed by that of President Kennedy; and followed in turn by the death through illness of Thailand's dictator Marshal Sarit. While it is not yet clearly established that the death of an American President *must* be followed by a period of worldwide mourning – there certainly was no expression of American mourning for either Diem or Sarit – Cambodia, like most other nations, observed the amenities: a three-day moratorium was proclaimed on all "America-go-Home" meetings or signs; Sihanouk's own cousin and prime minister, Prince Norodom Kantol, came to the President's funeral; and Sihanouk himself sent the following letter to Mrs. Kennedy, which went unreported in the US press:

"In those hours of sorrow when America cries for the most noble of her sons, permit me, Madame, to present to you the deep condolences of the Cambodian people, the Royal Government and myself. We bow before the great man who disappeared and express to you with respect our deep compassion in the face of the great loss which you have suffered."

The Prince's own quasi-official weekly newspaper, *Realités Cambodgiennes* of November 29, many of whose editorials flow from his own pen, contained little else but material as wholly favorable to the late President as any American newspaper. Yet, a few days later, on the occasion of the death of Sarit (who, over the radio last year, had called Sihanouk a "pig") a speaker on the Cambodian radio spoke with glee of the death of Cambodia's nearby enemies, "and of their chief." One must be fed a daily fare of Radio Cairo, Radio Peking, Radio Jakarta, and other news media of underdeveloped countries to understand how often their speakers are given to hyperboles – to put it mildly. In such cases, forbearance is the word, with an eye to one's long-range interests.

In the present case, with a ham-handedness that will never cease to perplex older chanceries, Washington ordered its ambassador in Phnom-Penh, Philip D. Sprouse, to request an "official explanation" of the broadcast; while Charles W. Yost, a deputy to Ambassador Stevenson at the UN and a former US Ambassador to Cambodia, allegedly told the Cambodian mission in New York that Cambodia's behavior with regard to President Kennedy's death was "barbarous." Not to be outdone, the British Ambassador to Cambodia also made representations on the subject of the posthumous radio insult to the American Chief Executive.

As anyone who even remotely knows Prince Sihanouk and the Cambodians could have predicted, Phnom-Penh came out of its corner in a fighting mood: both "Anglo-Saxon" embassies were requested to shut down completely while Cambodia initiated steps to do likewise in Washington and London. At the same time Cambodia began making – likewise as expected – friendly noises toward Peking and Paris.

The French, in fact, had experienced far worse iniquities in Cambodia than a radio insult. On November 10, Prince Sihanouk had made a "leap forward to Socialism" by nationalizing the whole export-import and banking business which, aside from a few Chinese and Vietnamese or Cambodian enterprises, was largely in French hands. The de Gaulle government thinks it has learned from previous bitter experience in Guinea, Algeria, or Tunisia, that what really counts are one's permanent objectives. In the case of Cambodia, particularly now, when France's military and economic aid programs are the last Western presence of any size, sacrifice of a few French banks or import-export houses were thought to be well worth a measure of over-all Cambodian goodwill. The French took the blow manfully, and French Defense Minister Pierre Messmer is due in Phnom-Penh on January 4, 1964, for talks with Cambodian leaders about increased French aid.

By December 17, it had become obvious in Washington that the time was ripe for getting the Cambodian affair back on the rails; and Dean Acheson, who in 1962 had won Cambodia's border dispute with Thailand before the International Court of Justice, was proposed to Cambodia as a "private" intermediary. It is not clear whether Mr. Acheson was consulted. But no matter, Sihanouk felt it was his turn to ask for apologies and explanations, and the Acheson mission, if it ever had any reality, collapsed. However, in what can be considered a Cambodian gesture of goodwill and reasonableness Phnom-Penh assured Washington on December 21 that any future conference on the neutrality of Cambodia – a conference which the US is the last major nation still to be reluctant about, for fear that Vietnam might be discussed there as well – would not be used as an anti-American sounding board.

The only conclusion one can draw from this incred-

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ible sequence is that it produced the most unnecessary crisis of 1963. American diplomacy seemed not to have outgrown an 18th-Century thin-skinnedness, where an insult to a chief of state was considered a *casus belli*. Prince Sihanouk, for all his elation at being "free" of all "Anglo-Saxon" shackles, cannot wish to be left entirely alone with his Red Chinese "friends." Clear heads and a measure of statesmanship have been the missing qualities in America's relations with all three states of Indochina; and if ever there was a need for those qualities, it is now.

FOREIGN REPORTS

TURKEY: *Democracy or Revolution?*

★ The quarrel with Greece over Cyprus may help Turkey's aged Premier Ismet Inonu to stay in power awhile but will not solve Turkey's chief political problem, which is to cling to democracy but to avoid revolution.

The opposition Justice Party, which has the largest number of votes, is disliked by the Army and therefore it is difficult for it to come to power. It is generally regarded by Turkey's real leaders, and certainly by its own supporters, as more or less identical with the outlawed Democratic Party of the late Adnan Menderes, the Prime Minister who was deposed and executed by the Army two years ago because he was held to have tried to undo the reforms of Kemal Ataturk.

The Turks are in an awkward dilemma. They believe in democracy, in a parliament, an independent judiciary and a free press; and up to now they have rejected "popular democracy" or "guided democracy." Ataturk was that rare type of dictator who not only wanted democracy on the Western model, but moved toward that end. He created and tried twice to maintain a democratic opposition party during the 15 years he ruled Turkey.

Both those experiments failed, because each time the opposition threatened to put the clock back and take Turkey out of the Twentieth Century. But Ataturk's successor, Ismet Inonu, tried again in 1945, and this time not only created an opposition party, but allowed it to win an election and come to power in 1950. Unfortunately, this opposition Democratic Party, and its young and energetic leader Adnan Menderes succumbed to the temptation of vote-catching by exploiting stubborn religious prejudices and deep-seated superstitions.

Ataturk had always been convinced that the Turks – 60 percent of whom even today can neither read nor write – would never make any real progress until they were liberated from the Muslim priests, some of whom would have had the peasants believe that hard work and progress were a sin. Ataturk abolished the Caliphate and "secularized" the state; Menderes went the other way.

The Army thereupon deposed and executed Menderes, and then installed Ataturk's old lieutenant Inonu, now nearly 80, as Prime Minister, in the hope that Ataturk's revolution would be continued. But Inonu saw that in the November elections the people preferred Menderes' way to Ataturk's, and his government broke up. For nearly a month the parties milled about without settling on a premier until finally President Gursel asked Inonu to put together another coalition, a task which at the eleventh hour appeared to be made less impossible by the unifying force of traditional Turkish detestation of Greeks.

Broadly speaking, Inonu and his Republican Party are lined up with the Army, the intellectuals and the youth while the Justice Party has some important businessmen and a majority of the peasant masses behind it. Many of the pro-Ataturk young generation are Marxists, and the small left-wing Worker's Party, which came third in the popular vote in several provinces in the recent provincial elections, can be regarded as a portent for the future.

If in the general elections which must be held before October, 1965, and may be held sooner, the Justice Party were to come to power, as by strictly democratic processes it could, it would be felt by many of the best men in Turkey that Ataturk's revolution had been lost. But if the Justice Party is prevented from taking office, what of democracy?

BRAZIL: *"Milk, Motherhood and the American Flag"*

★ To judge by much of the Brazilian press, Communists and other militant radicals are swarming into positions of power all over Brazil. Yet the fastest rising political star is Carlos Lacerda, the conservative governor of Guanabara state. Lacerda was a leftist journalist in the 1930's, but in recent years he has allied himself with those Brazilians who dominate the country's land and business interests. His vitriolic attacks against Presidents Vargas and Quadros, hours before the former shot himself and the latter resigned, have earned him the title of "Destroyer of Presidents." The governor's recurrent attacks on President Goulart make it plain that the hunter is after his third quarry.

This time, however, Lacerda thinks he has an able replacement – himself. He is taking aim at the presiden-

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tial elections of 1965 to the delight of the American businessmen who glowingly describe him as standing for "Milk, Motherhood and the American Flag." Lacerda responds gratefully by delivering speeches at their assemblies. US companies contribute to "information institutes" which publish and distribute material echoing Lacerda's likes and dislikes and are said to provide financial assistance for conservative congressmen. Since he became governor of Guanabara in 1960, Lacerda has received a good deal of US financial assistance. With a population of 3.5 million people Lacerda's state of Guanabara is one of the more prosperous in Brazil. Yet it received $45.1 million in US aid between July 1, 1961, and June 30, 1963. (This means that tiny Guanabara gets half as much as the whole impoverished northeast of Brazil which is the top priority area of the Alliance for Progress.) US assistance in Guanabara is being used to finance small industry as well as for public works projects such as power plants, schools, and hospitals.

Many Brazilian politicians feel Lacerda would win the presidency if elections were held now. The reasons are fairly obvious: Brazil has a small electorate – 15 million out of 75 million people vote. Illiterates do not have the franchise and most of the people are illiterates. A majority of the 15 million voters come from the upper and middle classes, or they are peasants who become literate for one day when their landowners deliver them up at the polls. (Bills to give illiterates the vote and break up the large haciendas remain buried in Congress.) Brazilian politicians take a rather flamboyant view toward all of this. "I steal but I get things done," says one. "To my enemies, the law; to my friends, facilities," says another.

Beyond Tokenism

The Civil Rights Task That Looms Ahead

by Alexander M. Bickel

It is a commonplace that school desegregation in the South proper has been – where it has been at all – a matter of tokenism; a matter, that is, of a handful of Negro pupils admitted to a handful of previously all-white schools. Acceptance of this sort of tokenism as significant progress is a bitter pill, and yet the South is what it is; nobody wants military occupation of it, and no more than three years ago tokenism itself had trickled down to practically nothing. This fall's dramatic rise in the number of desegregating school districts (161, as compared with 31 in 1961 and 46 in 1962), must, therefore, be regarded as significant. An even more hopeful sign is a quickening and hardening of federal judicial attitudes, dating back to the summer of 1962. Exceptions have to be allowed for, but no one can read the spate of recent school cases, including one decided by the Supreme Court this past spring, without feeling both that the deliberate speed limit is being distinctly raised, and that the day when blatant tokenism was deemed an adequate form of compliance by the federal courts is over.

In the long perspective, this will justly be seen as an achievement of the Kennedy Administration. For the acceptance of school desegregation in the South in any form or degree was a political, not a judicial problem, and its solution – which is to say, the reduction of Southern opposition from rebelliousness to sullenness, and thus to manageable proportions – had to precede any further judicial initiatives. The new statistics and the new judical mood are products of the difference between the Kennedy Administration's posture on civil rights and that of the Eisenhower Administration. In time, the task of the Johnson Administration, or of its successor, will be not only, as the new President said, "to continue," but also to begin anew. A rather different problem will have to be confronted in the North in quite the same measure as in the South. For as this Journal pointed out at school-opening time this past September, the measure of current progress is that Charleston and Atlanta will soon face the problems of Chicago and Philadelphia.

To understand the emerging problem, we must begin by asking just what we mean when we speak of school desegregation. Presumably, what most of us visualize as the end result of desegregation is a school system in which there may be residential zoning, either

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absolute or modified by some sort of choice or transfer scheme, and in which, in any event, children are assigned without regard to their race. This may be a good enough abstraction. But it is no statement of what such a system really looks like, or, of how to get there from a system that has for decades been organized on a biracial basis.

Sometimes the way of getting there may be simple. If a school district, having few Negro children, had no Negro school itself but bussed its Negro children to a neighboring segregated school, then it can be ordered – and no doubt should be ordered – to admit its Negro children forthwith to its previously all-white school and stop bussing them elsewhere. But if a school district, as is typically true in cities, for example, did have Negro and white schools, what must it do? Simply rezoning geographically may not be easy, for the schools were not located initially on the basis of straight residential zoning, but on the basis of biracial zoning, and so they may not be suitably placed. Moreover, is a school board required to send white children to formerly Negro schools which may be substandard? Obviously, it ought to improve the Negro schools both physically and educationally, but it cannot do that overnight, nor is there any way for a federal court to produce the resources and the skills needed to do it. Indeed, under present conditions, minus federal financial help, a school board may not be able to do it at all; the entire school system may be in a state of decline.

"The Southern Way of Life"

The problem is alleviated somewhat – without being, in any degree, brought nearer to solution – by a measure of inertia not unexpectedly to be found in the Negro community. There is, after all, some reality beneath the rhetoric of "The Southern Way of Life." Segregation has been, in the South, the habit of both races for quite some time. And so a school board may wipe out all former racial zoning lines, unify the system, and either (a) proceed also to wipe out all residential lines, and institute a free choice plan, under which parents simply present their children at the school of their choice, and the children are accepted so long as there is room; or (b) zone residentially without regard to race, and where a zone contains both a formerly all-white and a formally all-Negro school, allow a free choice between them to children in the zone.

When space problems arise, detailed residential criteria, with particular regard for traffic conditions, or criteria relating to the special circumstances of a given child, such as a physical disability or other factors, or the need or desire for special courses not offered elsewhere, and the like, must decide which of several children wishing to register in a given school is to be allowed to do so. But, as the federal courts have held, there can be no special tests imposed on Negro children to which white children are not subjected. There can be no special transfer provisions in effect allowing white children to transfer out of predominantly Negro schools for that reason and no other, thus causing resegregation. And courts must be on the lookout for the tendency, natural in communities with a history of segregation and not unheard of elsewhere as well, to gerrymander zones so as to produce all-Negro, if not also all-white schools. Perhaps it is possible also to require, as Judge Kaufman did in New Rochelle, N.Y., that all requests of Negro children to transfer out of a Negro school be granted subject only to space limitations, or, as was done in Delaware, merely that no Negro child desiring a transfer from a colored to an integrated or white school should be denied it on the ground that the Negro school is nearer to his home. But in the cities, at any rate, space limitations are not trivial. Perhaps in some circumstances it is possible, finally, as was also done in Delaware, to erect a rebuttable presumption that any all-Negro school surrounded by all-white attendance areas has been gerrymanded. All such conditions having been met, however, it is difficult to see what alternative a court has to accepting a plan of the kinds I have described. It is plans of this sort that border cities have used in desegregating voluntarily. And it is this sort of arrangement that generally prevails in the North and West. No other models are readily available.

What then happens under such plans? Most white children continue to present themselves at formerly all-white schools, great numbers of Negro children continue to present themselves at formerly all-Negro schools, and a number of Negro children are admitted to white schools. Some few white children go to Negro schools; most flee to other homes, or out of the public school system altogether. In time, there is a settlement into conditions of substantial *de facto* segregation, alleviated by a number of successful integrated situations. In other words, essentially Northern conditions. I do not say such conditions have been achieved throughout the South. I do say this is the likely – and somewhat anti-climactic – outcome of all the litigating and all the striving.

St. Louis, Mo., desegregated in 1954-55. The city was rezoned geographically, without regard to racial consideration. According to a thoughtful and thorough report to the United States Civil Rights Commission by a disinterested observer, the transition was "solidly conceived and brilliantly carried off." The results as of 1962?

> "Roughly 70 percent of the Negro secondary students in St. Louis last year attended high schools

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> whose student bodies were 90 to 100 percent Negro. The same was true with respect to approximately 85 percent of the Negro elementary pupils. Only about 15 of the 136 elementary schools were significantly integrated."

Louisville, Ky., desegregated in 1956. For elementary and junior high schools it rezoned residentially, but also allowed free transfer to any pupil, limited only by the availability of space. Again according to an excellent report made in 1962 to the United States Civil Rights Commission:

> "There is no apparent gerrymander of boundary lines . . . but nevertheless almost one-half of the [elementary] schools are almost all white or all Negro. . . . [The figure may be lower than in St. Louis, but so is the ratio of Negro to white pupils.] Seventy percent of all Negro junior high school students go to the three Negro schools."

Louisville high schools are not zoned. Students have a free choice among six high schools.

> "Seventy-three percent of the Negro students attend one high school, Central, the predesegregation Negro high school. . . . There was one white student in this high school in 1961-62."

Baltimore desegregated in September, 1954, instituting a free choice plan. By 1960, over 50 percent of all schools were attended entirely by one or the other race. Most pupils tend to choose the neighborhood school.

And so on. In New York City (all boroughs), 75 of 570 elementary schools have got 90 percent or more Negro and Puerto Rican students. In Chicago, some 87 percent of Negro elementary school pupils attend virtually all-Negro schools. In Philadelphia, 14 percent of all public schools have a Negro enrollment of *over* 99 percent. For these conditions, which are prevalent in the North, and which will – ironically – be achieved in the South before long, can the federal courts supply a remedy?

If there has been a gerrymander, there should be a judicial remedy in New Rochelle, N.Y., or Hillsboro, Ohio, as well as in Forth Worth, Tex., or in the Rose Hill-Minquadale school district in Delaware, and the courts have so held. A gerrymander, incidentally, may be managed not only by tailoring a zone to a school, but also by locating a new school with the racial factor in mind. But as the cases also show, proof of a discriminatory motive may not be as easily forthcoming as in the New Rochelle case, which was a notably ill-conducted litigation from the school board's point of view – and not that proof was all that easy, even so. The Hillsboro, Ohio, case was a most remarkable rarity; the thing was objectively obvious beyond the possibility of explanation. This will not happen often. Elsewhere, even the presumption set up by the district court in Delaware, to which I referred earlier, may turn out to be rebuttable. Again, if a school board achieves segregation by allowing white children, but not Negro, to escape to other schools in the system, that ought to be, and has been, stopped in New Rochelle as well as in Charlottesville and Lynchburg, Va., or Knoxville, Tenn. Finally, it is also possible to police other transfer policies which, though fair on their face, are discriminatorily applied.

A Program of Racial Dispersal

If all this is done, what, then, can we expect to happen? Judge Kaufman, in New Rochelle, ordered free transfers for Negro students from the effectively segregated Lincoln School to other schools where space was available. The result was something, to be sure. Lincoln School went from 94 percent Negro to 88 percent. As to the transferees, in one school they found a very different socio-economic group from their own, and performed rather poorly. Another school in which transfers were accepted already had a considerable Negro enrollment, and, with some whites fleeing to private schools, threatened to become another Lincoln. Nevertheless, the judicial remedy worked, in the sense that it did some good – as we conceive the good in terms of integration. But it worked, in the degree in which it did, in New Rochelle, a relatively small community of 77,000, of whom 14 percent are Negroes, with a school system which, as the consequences of Judge Kaufman's decree tended to show, must have been relatively healthy and not overly crowded. And even in New Rochelle, larger results were possible only when, at last, a reconstituted school board proceeded to implement not the judicial decree itself, but its spirit, with administrative daring and imaginativeness. Quite recently, New Rochelle closed its Lincoln School altogether, and Judge Kaufman was asked to, and did, modify his order to permit the school board to carry out its own program of active racial dispersal throughout the system.

No judicial remedy such as Judge Kaufman's decree could conceivably work any wonders, even small ones, for example, in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia. The Negro populations of all three of these cities are large and densely concentrated residentially. In Manhattan, nearly 75 percent, and in New York City, as a whole, 40 percent of grammar and junior high school students are Negro or Puerto Rican, and the trend is upward. In Chicago, 40 percent of all elementary school

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pupils are Negro, and it is estimated that by 1970 the public elementary schools will be predominantly Negro. In Philadelphia, Negroes constitute 49 percent of the school population. In St. Louis, 54.4 percent of elementary and 44 percent of high school students are Negro. (The figures in 1955 were, incidentally, 38.4 percent and 31.2 percent.) Other comparable figures, such as those for Washington, D. C., are well-known, and what they mean is obvious. A school teacher in New York, speaking no doubt prematurely, is reported to have said: "There is nobody left to integrate with." In Philadelphia, given distances to outlying white areas, it is estimated, in a report to the US Civil Rights Commission, that "the 120,000 Negroes in the school system could be integrated with no more than 50,000 to 60,000 white children." Moreover, the neighborhood school is a tenet of the American educational faith which could scarcely be held unconstitutional. Ultimately, as one educator (See Henry H. Hill, *Changing Opinions in American Education*, p. 59 [1958]) has said, "the schools must be better [and more integrated] in order to make the community better, but the community must be better in order to provide better schools. This is a familiar but by no means impossible American paradox." Yet surely it is an impossible paradox from the point of view of a judicial remedy, which can disperse no populations, nor house them, nor provide employment for them.

"This Is the American Paradox"

A court is not qualified to order large-scale bussing to distant areas; it is not qualified to decide that the neighborhood system should be abandoned, or that the so-called Princeton plan of consolidating several grades from a number of neighborhoods in one school can be suitably applied; it is not qualified to estimate the tipping point at which a desegregated school will resegregate – and such judgments will not, and ought not, be accepted from a court. It is for this reason that the judicial process should restrict itself – and will, it may be expected – to fashioning narrow remedies only, in cases where *de facto* segregation turns out to be the product of conscious school-board action; for then the remedy can follow the wrong, stepping in with confidence to undo what was done, not in the exercise of professional judgment, but for an unlawful purpose. No significant judicial intervention is to be looked for in the more numerous cases where segregation in the schools reflects not the actions of a segregationist school board, now or in the past, but conditions in the community, plus normal educational policies, such as residential zoning, ability grouping, and the like. This is the American paradox, familiar, as Mr. Hill has said, perhaps not impossible, but formidable, and not susceptible to judicial resolution.

To suggest that the paradox is formidable, certainly in the larger cities, is not, however, to disparage or discourage administrative efforts aimed at alleviating *de facto* school segregation, such as have been undertaken in a number of Northern communities, notably New York City, and New Jersey, including, most recently, Englewood, N.J., following some strong agitation. The degree to which the problem will yield at all varies from place to place, and even the neighborhood school policy is not everywhere sacrosanct. Moreover, human lives are in question; the prospects of individual children for happiness and usefulness. Herculean efforts, which leave the social problem largely unsolved, but rescue the future of one or a dozen children, are emphatically worth all they cost, and will in the end render the social problem itself more manageable. Saving souls is what this business is about, and each soul matters, though the system that destroys a thousand seems for the moment ineradicable.

It cannot be long before pressures for alleviating *de facto* school segregation reach the federal government. For much the same reasons that militate against the possibility of a judicial remedy, it will be found that no coercive federal measure of any sort – no statute attempting to enforce this or that scheme of pupil dispersal – is possible, even putting aside constitutional difficulties, which are also present. The federal government will have to induce rather than coerce, to help rather than do. Yet its responsibilities will be great. Presidential exhortation, identifying the problem as one of national concern, and defining some minimum national goal on the long road to its solution – such leadership from the White House will be demanded and will be required. Presidential neutrality on matters of race relations – whatever they be, from school questions to marches on Birmingham or Washington – is no longer possible. From the White House, when issues become acute, there can be only leadership that defines legitimate Negro demands, or opposition to such demands as they come up.

Massive financial assistance toward raising the quality of the public schools generally will appear more essential than ever. Administrative ingenuity and flexibility will then have to be applied in using federal moneys to induce, at the least, some experimentation with pupil dispersal techniques. And the federal government – presumably the Office of Education in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare – will find itself called upon to lead in the invention and validation of new educational policies, which might conduce to integration without sacrificing the values attributed to the standard neighborhood school, and in gaining professional acceptance for them. Such, in briefest outline, are the tasks that loom ahead.

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Bonne Année, Oncle Charles

by Wilton Dillon

Mrs. J. William Fulbright, we know, helped President Lyndon Johnson with Christmas shopping for his wife and daughters, and it is in that generous and neighborly spirit that I propose that the President pay a courtesy call on Charles de Gaulle in 1964, taking along with him the husband of his personal shopper. A weekend visit to Paris would be in excellent French family form. We would be paying our respects to an older uncle in whose society the bourgeoisie has rules of age-grading and filial piety which rival even those of the pre-revolutionary Chinese Confucianists.

Reciprocity is a rule of French family life, not only between members of a single family unit, but between branches of an extended family. Baptisms, weddings and funerals provide excellent opportunities for families to keep track of obligations growing out of gifts and favors. De Gaulle, in Washington on November 25, was authentic and dignified as a head of a family paying his respects to the survivors of a rich and young nephew with whom he had not always agreed, but who had brought luster to the family name. His presence here was the best France could offer to us, and much treasured by us in our grief.

But if de Gaulle in Washington was acting out his traditional role as head of a French family, writ large enough to embrace the grieving American branch, he was also: (a) symbolizing France's historic but recently frustrated role as teacher and donor; (b) setting the stage for a sequence of family reciprocities in which the next step would be for the American branch to return the visit by sending its new head.

Since the history of World War II and the Marshall Plan put us in the wholesale business of teaching and giving to people who once did that for us, the French have had far too few opportunities to return the favor with gifts which they value. The same can be said about the British and other Europeans who needed, but had ambivalent feelings about, our help. (A *Punch* cartoon in 1956, just before the Suez crisis, showed the late Secretary Dulles as big as Gulliver in Lilliput, pulling by the hands two little boys bearing the likenesses of Anthony Eden and Guy Mollet. The caption: "The Big Three.") The strains on friendship within the alliance are not merely reflections of partisan differences. They are inherent in the nature of an organization – of individuals or states – in which reciprocity has not always been practiced because of (a) an innocence about gift behavior of nations, and (b) the inevitable contrasts in power of the member nations.

In designing a healthy new alliance out of the inevitable new relationships within the Atlantic family, brought on by retirement, assassination, science, technology and European prosperity, I propose that we apply John Kennedy's famous pragmatism to a testing of these "propositions" to see what bearing they may have on our understanding the past ruptures and conditions of future Atlantic rapprochement:

1. People in old, traditional civilizations generally are careful about paying back gifts. They are uncomfortable if they see no way to discharge an obligation, and this discomfort can take the form of withdrawal from, or resentment and hostility against, the original donor.

2. People who have been regarded as teachers do not like to return permanently to the status of pupils. Teaching is a form of giving, and learning is analogous to receiving. If people are long deprived of the chance to teach and give, they will create situations, at the risk of offending, in order to end their deprivations.

3. The gifts we expect in return for aid (loyalty to American-led alliances, love for the American way of life, land on which to build military bases and station troops, anti-Communist votes, etc.) do not always match the gifts which the receiving nation feels are the best to offer.

4. Gratitude is the least of the gifts which we should expect from people we have helped. Recipients are never grateful until they can render something to the donor. Expectation of gratitude alienates the donor from the recipient.

5. Gifts can take the form of material or intellectual and artistic goods. Whereas primitive or preliterate men reciprocated with a bowl of food, a canoe or a ceremonial, industrial men can act upon the same universal desire (to get rid of obligations) by offering machines, scientific knowledge, ideas, techniques.

6. Future American leadership in the Atlantic and other alliances must rest on an imaginative seeking of a variety of gifts from the people who want to give them, but do not know how. The more we solicit advice and show our willingness to listen unpeevishly to

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criticism and suggestions, the greater our own knowledge and the self-esteem of our allies, and the less likely are they to feel that they are being abandoned.

The propositions above suggest that Gaullist France's reactions to American hegemony could be described by the anthropologists' term, "nativistic revival." With primitive tribes, this appears when the shock of cultural contact with outsiders is often sudden and severe, when hunting lands or pastures are taken away or broken under the plow, where holy places are profaned. At this point, a prophet is likely to arise, and the ancestral dead are to return. Gaullism shows some striking parallels in its responses to American "conquest."

The self-esteem many Frenchmen now feel, with de Gaulle making France be noticed and courted, also contains a strong element of pique about our technological and scientific competence, and our ignoring the historical origins of that competence or French capabilities in these fields today. For example, a French Gaullist and industrialist who headed a mission to study American productivity during the Marshall Plan, told me recently: "Americans could not have been more generous. They told us things we would regard as industrial secrets in Europe, but it seemed curious that not once did our productivity team hear any questions from Americans about *our* scientific research, *our* inventions or *our* manufacturing methods."

While we gave away what seemed to be industrial secrets, we withheld what they wanted most: a share of knowledge about nuclear weapons. The Washington desire to prevent proliferation of these weapons makes good sense to us as defense strategy, but a French acquaintance assures me that France would not be nearly so insistent on having our secrets if: (a) we admitted our historic debt to French research (well enough known in the DuPont labs in Wilmington); or (b) if we had not acted as though we thought the French were *incapable* of making atomic weapons. The bomb tests in the Sahara were, of course, logical extensions of de Gaulle's quest for France's return to big power status.

COMING: *Education is in trouble, but federal aid won't be enough to save it.*

They can also be interpreted as an act of "revenge" against the United States. Unwittingly, we forced the French, heirs to Pasteur and the Curies, to demonstrate their competence – to us and to themselves.

We see ourselves as anti-colonial, generous, and properly impatient of the anachronism of national pride that interferes with our views of how Western civilization shall be defended. Having given so much to the defense of our Atlantic heritage, we forget that we have not always consulted with our allies about their views of that defense, and are capable of real distress when we are not consulted. The Suez crisis provided two sharp examples.

General James Van Fleet was reported on November 2, 1956, to have had this reaction to the unauthorized (by us) action of the British, French and Israelis in punishing Nasser for the seizure of the canal: "It was the meanest thing any ally who has received our money could possibly do to Uncle Sam." And during the same crisis, the Alsop brothers reported that the late Secretary of State Dulles was so unhappy that he called in the French Ambassador, Herve Alphand, and gave him the "kind of lecture that an old-fashioned schoolmaster might give to a juvenile delinquent." Such feelings are not far below the American surface today, even though Suez has been replaced by de Gaulle's *Europe des etats* as the irritant.

Yet annoying as these relationships have been for the past decade, the Franco-American ties remain deeply familial. They bear little resemblance to the chasms now separating the Russians from their Chinese comrades. Shared suffering, remembered along with past arguments, give us a license to take verbal liberties with each other, and to remain *en famille* even though we set up separate defense households.

The spirit in which I would like to see President Johnson, Senator Fulbright, *et al.*, pay a call on Uncle Charles is best represented by John F. Kennedy. He kept being fascinated by de Gaulle, proclaimed our interdependence, held his public temper in check, admired the general's literary style without imitating it, and borrowed freely of the wisdom of France. On October 22, in the last speech I heard the late President deliver, at the centennial ceremonies of the National Academy of Sciences, he used again Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* as a mirror of American life, and in an impromptu closing, he told the audience of scientists his French-inspired views of the long-term consequences of work and experiments started today:

"I am reminded of what the great French Marshal Lyautey once said to his gardener, 'Plant a tree tomorrow.' And the gardener said, 'It won't bear fruit for a hundred years.' 'In that case,' Lyautey said to the gardener, 'plant it this afternoon.' That is how I feel about your work."

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George Jean Nathan: Superlative Dandy

by Charles Angoff

George Jean Nathan died almost six years ago, but the silence concerning him is so profound that he might as well have been dead 50 years. He was a hedonist, a flaneur, a boulevardier; a superlative dandy, with his French cuffs extending beyond his jacket sleeves, and large cuff links emphasizing their dandiness. He was one of the last to sport a cane on Fifth Avenue. And yet – so contradictory was he – he lived for 50 years in the Royalton Hotel in a small two-room apartment which looked like a second-hand book-store. There were books underneath his sofa – books piled high on rickety chairs. Busts of himself and others were strewn all over.

His outlook on life was that of the Fifth Avenue of the Golden Twenties, when there were double-decker busses, traffic towers and wonderful old mansions at the corner of Fifty-First Street and the corner of Fifty-Seventh Street and Forty-Eighth Street.

We met for the last time when we dined at one of his favorite restaurants, The Blue Ribbon, on West Forty-Fourth Street. I had picked him up in the lobby of the Royalton and we walked slowly further west, he almost dragging his feet. He hadn't been out of his apartment for several days; the doctor had told him to move around more, to take short walks on his block and even a bit beyond. But he hesitated. He was afraid of getting dizzy.

"The traffic is getting pretty heavy," he said, as we waited to cross Sixth Avenue.

"Yes," I said, recalling how we used to disobey the traffic lights on this same corner 20 years earlier.

"The lights are pretty dim, aren't they, Angoff?"

"Yes, they are."

He had a favorite spot on the second floor of the Blue Ribbon, a corner table. He ordered soup immediately. As usual I balked. I didn't like soup. I still don't like it. "You've been poorly brought up, my boy," he said. "Soup is what keeps you alive. You know something?"

"What?"

"I don't believe there's been a day in the last 50, no, it's probably 60 years that I haven't had soup at least once a day. Dr. Christiansen approves of it." Dr. Christiansen was his physician.

I had soup.

"Isn't it a little dark here?" he said.

"A little."

He had told me some months before that hardening of the arteries might affect his vision.

He ordered Yankee pot roast, and so did I. He ordered ice cream, so did I. Then he ordered demitasse, and I ordered a large coffee.

"Well, what do you think Heinie's doing now?" Heinie was Mencken, who had been dead about two years.

"Reading a Baptist weekly, I suppose."

He smiled. "Could be."

Suddenly Nathan began to talk about Cornell, his Alma Mater. He began to repeat an old line he had used with me, that Cornell was a better university than Harvard, that its campus was more beautiful, and so on. He had once asked me, indirectly, to be sure, but plainly just the same, to try to get him an honorary doctorate from Harvard. I pleaded that my word with the hierarchy at Harvard was worthless, but he implied that a word properly placed wouldn't do any harm. I did place such words in various places, in vain. Nathan did get an honorary degree (a Litt.D., I believe) from the University of Indiana, but he got it *in absentia*. He pleaded illness, but it was a diplomatic illness.

He put two pills in his mouth, and washed them down with coffee. "My doctor says they will help my blood pressure and my neuralgia, and all sorts of other things that are wrong with me. I don't believe him but I'm afraid not to. I begin to think, along with Heinie, that medicine is about 99 percent superstition. The only medicine I believe in is veterinary medicine. Our dog has been ailing, too. But you should see how the hound jumps around, all because of the pills the vet prescribes. I may try some of the same pills. Don't tell Julie." (Julie Hayden, his wife).

"Are you off liquor altogether?"

"Well, yes and no. I don't think the doctor wants me to take any, or just a little. When nobody's looking I take a nip now and then. But I feel like the character in O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh*, the alcohol seems to have gone out of the liquor these days." He smiled. "Do you think it's Eisenhower's fault? You're an anti-Eisenhower man."

"It could be his fault. Truman would never take alcohol out of any liquor."

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"You're right there, my boy. Truman never would."

A waiter came along. "Was everything fine, Mr. Nathan, I mean good?"

"Yes, yes," said Nathan. "Only I wish you would teach my friend here, Mr. Angoff, to learn to like your marvelous soup."

Now began the usual battle as to who would pay, whether we should go dutch, or toss up a coin.

"Angoff, I'm so close to being an angel, that you should really let me pay. Please."

I let him pay.

We walked toward the Royalton. He looked at his watch and said, "Have you time for a nightcap at the Algonquin?"

"Sure. But you mustn't drink."

"Who told you that?"

"You did."

He smiled. "The doctor didn't say *absolutely*, did he?"

"Well. . . ."

He seemed tired as we entered the Algonquin. It was about ten-thirty and the lobby was virtually empty.

"What will you have?" I asked.

"Oh, stop that nonsense, Angoff. This is on me."

"No. This time, this one time. I want to."

"Well, you're stubborn. Just for that I'll shock you. I'll just have a coffee."

"Oh, no, you can't do that."

"No, that's right. Make mine beer, High Life, but only on the condition that you order one, too, none of your pansy drinks like sherry or port."

I ordered two High Lifes.

"Fine beer," he said. "How a man called Miller came to make it, is beyond me. Do you know?"

"No."

"God is a comedian. A good beer should be made by a man called Kuggelwasser or Adolf Hetmeyer or Otto Kleinman or Otto Grossman. But God's humor has always puzzled me."

Some people began to come in and out of the hotel. Nathan watched them. He took another drink of his beer. "There isn't a flutter or bounce in any of them," he said. "Travelling salesmen, professors, small town bankers, and the terrible women these men generally have. They're all silently hysterical, not an ounce of real happiness. Can you imagine the mutual disappointment that goes on in bed? They make love with the aid of aspirin and alcohol. Alcohol is for the memory, it isn't an aphrodisiac.

"You know something, Angoff? That's where Heinie and I differ sharply. No matter what he says, he likes these people, he says they're solid, pay their bills, and all that. Did you know that deep down he's a Babbitt, that he really didn't agree with Red Lewis? Heinie thought that these people built up the United States. I say they're holding it back. The people who built up the United States are the heavy drinkers and the persistent lovers and the writers and the musicians. In other words, my boy, the artists. And if I discover, when I become an angel, that the other angels aren't artists, I'll really know that God is cruel. There must be a limit even to God's cruelty."

He took another long drink of his beer. "Ah, now it's a small town hotel.

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I may be wrong, yes, I may be wrong. But I never have been."

Suddenly he said, "Angoff, do you think they serve good drinks in Heaven?"

"In Heaven they serve Passover wine and seltzer."

He smiled. "That's not a bad drink for pregnant women. What about hell? Do they serve whiskey sours and Martinis and . . . what do they serve? You know about all such things."

"In hell they serve all the same drinks they serve here. But there's one difference."

"What's that?"

"In Heaven you don't have to pay, and in hell you do have to pay."

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know about that. If it's free, there must be a catch somewhere. Angoff, I want to ask you something?"

"Yes."

"You know I'm going to be an angel."

"I'm sure of it."

"Tell me, Angoff, who was the one great man who lived in my time? You'll outlive me by 50 years, but I want you to be objective in answering."

"In literature?"

"Of course. That's all that matters. Literature is king and queen and Pope and everything. Don't be a mealy-mouthed politician, Angoff. Whatever you say will be held against you. I'll quote you wherever I'm going."

"Dreiser," I said, though I wasn't sure why.

"A good answer, but you're wrong."

"Who was it?"

"O'Neill. Eugene O'Neill. One of the things I'm most sorry for in all my life is that I didn't go to his funeral."

I didn't know what to say.

"Even more so than my not going to Heinie's funeral. I should have gone, I really should have gone. It's been gnawing at me, Angoff, that I didn't go. Think of it, America's greatest playwright going to his grave, with only his wife accompanying him. Terrible, very terrible. . . . A man needs friends most then, don't you think?"

"Of course."

"Angoff, is there a Broadway in hell or heaven?"

"I think so."

"That makes me feel better. You know, Heinie and I used to have arguments about New York. He looked upon it as a Babylon, you know, all that talk. He hated New York. And that was why he never really could be as important as he wanted to be. He was a small town man. He had small town tastes. New York is the capital of the United States, and it always will be that. It's a lot more important than Washington. Tastes are fashioned here, manners are born here, everything has to pass through New York before it's of any importance. You know what I mean. It's the cities that build up civilizations, and the deserts that build up religions. This isn't my idea, I'm too old to fool you that way. But it's true, isn't it, eh?"

"I guess so."

Again silence. Then he turned to me and said, "I was reading a postcard I got from Scott Fitzgerald . . . he must have sent it to me many years ago. I got to thinking about the changed view of him now. It amazes me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, what the critical boys say about him, especially those in the *New Yorker* crowd. They hail him as a genius. That poor novel by Budd Schulberg was worse than poor. Scott deserved something better than such slop by a poor writer, but the Mizener book is no better. Neither of them understands Scott. Scott was no great writer. He wrote about life he didn't know much about. *The Great Gatsby* is about the sort of life Scott would have liked to have lived. It's fictional fiction, that's what it is. Scott was nothing more than a somewhat glorified Richard Harding Davis. Very little more. That's where I agree somewhat with Heinie. Heinie shouldn't have praised *This Side of Paradise* as much as he did. It's a poorly written book, really little better than a series of superior comic strips, with hardly any characters. I imagine it will make little sense to people twenty years from now, because, well, simply because it's not literature. But it does have a vitality of sorts, or it did."

"They're talking about *Tender Is the Night* now," I said.

"Well," said Nathan. "I vaguely remember it. It made little sense to me, the little of it I could read. I know they talk about its beautiful writing. Just a little polished, that is all. Sometimes I think the twenties were a period distinguished by good writing by

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poor writers, and bad writing by good writers. I refer to Dreiser and O'Neill. Neither writes well, but both are great writers."

"And Willa Cather?"

"Yes, I know, you're a fan of hers. Well, she is good, and she is a writer. But I hope you will forgive an old man when he says he finds her dull. All her characters smell of Ivory soap, even the 'bad' women, and that's something I don't believe. Sin doesn't smell like soap, it smells like perfume – cheap perfume, perhaps, but perfume. Ah, I have a man who will confound what you're thinking about."

"What man?"

"Sean O'Casey. He should get the Nobel Prize, he's the best playwright in the world, since Shaw and O'Neill became angels. But the Nobel Prize Committee is full of politicians. They may not get around to the Irish till they've given prizes to the Pakistanis and the Punjabites and the Liberians and the rest. Then there is Sean's Communism. But he's no more a Communist than is the Pope. But, my boy, you were right about only one thing."

"What?"

"Eisenhower. I voted for him, and I was wrong, dead wrong. He's only a Coolidge in a military uniform."

I laughed.

"Mencken would have liked to have said that," said Nathan. "I'll tell him when I see him. Well, I'm getting tired. I think I'll turn in."

We walked over to the Royalton across the street. We were at the entrance. Nathan smiled and said, "Goodnight. And you ought to drink a little more beer. Good for you."

"Goodnight."

FILMS

Three Hours Apiece

America America (Warner)
The Victors (Columbia)

Elia Kazan's *America America* manifests why he is an eminent director and why he is not a first-rank artist. There are so many lovely and flavorful and dramatic moments that it is a small surprise at the end to realize that the film falls flat.

The chief flaw is a recurrent one in Kazan's work on film and stage: a defective sense of proportion. He does not know when to condense and move on; if he sinks his teeth in a scene or a sequence that he enjoys, the audience can just wait around and be damned to it until he has worried the material in every way his warm invention can think of. Conversely, and possibly in reaction to this, he is sometimes so skimpy that he is unclear.

This is the story of a young Greek, an uncle of Kazan's, living in Anatolia in 1896, on fire to escape Turkish oppression and emigrate to America. His odyssey consists of his hazardous journey to Constantinople; his labors and adventures there; his eventual departure for America and his last-minute subterfuge to be admitted. But the odyssey proceeds by lumps and flashes. Kazan dwells too long on the youth's encounter with a Turkish swindler en route to the capital; takes too long with arrangements for a marriage-for-money that the youth almost contracts; and also takes too long to launch an affair with a married woman who finally pays his passage. As much as an hour of this three-hour film could helpfully be spared – by major excisions in these sequences and by many minor ones that linger over atmos-

COMING

Mailerus Politicus
by Richard Gilman

Trotsky in Mexico
by Irving Howe

Swados
by John Wain

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phere, reactions, repeated visual patterns.

On the other hand there are several remnants left which show that snipping has already been going on. A political meeting (anarchist?), ending in assassinations by Turkish police, suddenly irrupts into the film without prologue. The hero meets a turbercular friend in Constantinople whom evidently we are meant to recognize but of whom there was no previous trace. These uncertainties both about expansion and contraction, result from uncertainties of Kazan's original conception, abetted by various directorial self-indulgences.

In addition, the film is afflicted with a damaging sound track. As was the case with *Lord of the Flies*, considerable care has been taken to photograph in authentic locations; then a soundtrack has been tacked on that is damped with studio deadness. Besides, almost all the principal actors contribute flat American accents and voices in their Byzantine clothes and settings. Paul Mann, as the prospective father-in-law, and Linda Marsh, as his daughter, are vocally credible exceptions. Lou Antonio, as the Turkish swindler, sounds particularly false. More care about aural planes and reality, more acute vocal casting and some judicious use of accents, would have kept the sound-track from reminding us constantly that it was post-recorded.

Nevertheless Kazan has made this film, which he wrote, with considerable genuine feeling. Aided by Haskell Wexler's excellent photography and Dede Allen's technically fine editing, he has evoked period and place: the plains of Anatolia, shadowed by unfriendly mountains and less friendly Turks; the greasy bowels of Constantinople; the suffocatingly sweet Victorian furnishings of the homes of wealthy Greeks; the human stockyards of Ellis Island. Most importantly, Kazan has captured what was one of the dominant passions of the Western world for a hundred years and which has not been adequately rendered in films: the burning, almost manic desire to get to America. What happened after the immigrant arrived is another, more familiar story; but this passion was a dominant and crucial one for a century. Despite the film's lags and *longueurs*,

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Kazan conveys it; and he has chosen well in Stathis Giallelis, the young Greek who plays the leading role with the right narrow-eyed hates, suspicions, obsessions.

Forsaking, at least for a while, the artificial Sterno heat of Tennessee Williams and William Inge, Kazan has made this film his most valid work since *On the Waterfront*. The latter had social-political affinities with his roots in the Group Theater in the thirties. Now, in telling of the transplanting of his family tree, he again deals with something that really moves him, that he doesn't have to sauté in a Stanislavsky-Freud chafing dish. But as *Waterfront* was betrayed by a basic moral flabbiness, so this film is crippled by a basic artistic flabbiness. All through *America America* we see opportunities that only a director of Kazan's talent could create. When it is over, we see that it was Kazan alone who fumbled them.

Another three-hour film – Carl Foreman's epic of World War II, *The Victors*. The *Variety* reviewer has already written of it: "Skeptical but not cynical, the film is informed by thought and redeemed by compassion. It will make a lot of money." I can neither support the first statement nor vouch for the second, but in their juxtaposition there is truth.

Foreman has previously produced *The Guns of Navarone*, a boys' adventure story of war, and *The Key*, in which war was *triste* and romantic. Now he has decided that war is Bad. This episodic film, which he wrote and directed, tells of a squad of GI's from the time they take an Italian town in 1943 until they occupy Berlin. The theme, unoriginal yet always pertinent, is that war destroys both victors and vanquished. But the script is intellectually retarded. It deals with materials that are supposed to shock us into new awareness, to stir controversy, but which are well within the cognizance of any intelligent high school senior. Foreman, having decided to enter the political-moral fray, has mounted and galloped up to a point about 50 miles behind the front, and now shouts, "Charge!"

Examples: An Italian girl who has an illegitmate child, after being raped by a German, is not necessarily wicked, we are told. (Would she have been wicked if it hadn't been rape?) A French boy, who has been consorting with Germans, thinks that GI's, too, will want homosexual comforts in return for the food and shelter they give him. (Germans, all right; but not George Peppard and George Hamilton, who might live on our block. They are properly outraged.) An American deserter is executed on a snowy morning while Frank Sinatra, on the sound track, croons *Have Yourself A Merry Christmas*. (Such a clever idea that it reduces the cruelty to movie gimmickry.) A young Russian soldier and a young American soldier quarrel over a trifle in Berlin and end up killing each other. (Everything clear out there?) All this arthritic irony is interlaced with newsreel shots of the home front – lady wrestlers, Rockettes at a Marine boot camp – for those who, heaven help us, are missing the point.

The sludgy drama and the Stanley Kramer type of deep-think convert what was supposed to be an iconoclas-

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tic film into just another war-movie with some fashionably daring embroidery. There were, I thought, two good GI touches. Peppard, offered a lucrative black-market post by Melina Mercouri in Belgium if he will desert, chooses (without putting it into words) to rejoin his dogface pals just because they have all been through so much together. And when a young replacement adopts a dog that follows the squad's truck as they move, an older soldier shoots the dog. (It should never have been adopted; it would only have starved to death, trailing along.) Both of these touches rang with Army truth. There is also a superb performance by Jeanne Moreau as a shell-shocked French intellectual who spends an innocent night with a dumb but comforting American sergeant (Eli Wallach).

The windy obviousness of the picture is underscored by Sol Kaplan's music. For example, a soldier, who has been befriended by an English family, reaches in his pocket when he leaves their house and discovers a ten-shilling note that they have put there while he napped. The orchestra then thoughtfully reminds us that *There'll Always Be An England.*

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

Toys and Boys and Christmas

Sirs:

William H. Honan's impassioned plea for the unilateral disarmament of our missile-toting youth ("Toys and Boys and Christmas," Dec. 21) suffers, like much of the work of his cousins in the adult world, from misrepresentation of Soviet motives and realities.

It is perfectly true that Soviet youth lives today on the weak side of a missile gap. Its rockets are generally smaller, less efficient, of shorter range and much more expensive than those of American youngsters. What is more, of the many missile toys I have seen in the Soviet Union, I can remember none that was safely "hardened," say, aboard a submarine. The most mobile that I recall were on the backs of trucks.

The conventional armaments of Soviet youth are likewise inferior, technologically, but not, I suspect from the ways of the adult world, psychologically, which was your interest. Pistols, guns, planes, warships, rockets (with warheads) and mere infantry have been in most *Moscow* armories, at any rate. Their absence from the shelves at this time would suggest to me the popularity of the goods, not the morality of the parents.

Your statement that "no war toys are made in Russia" is wrong; "not even chocolate soldiers" is silly, since Soviet chocolate is precious and dear. Your quotation from a Soviet newspaper, whose misleading comments on toys were reproduced, through Reuters, in *The New York Times*, should be a memorable warning to all intelligence agents as well as unilateralists.

Max Frankel
Washington, D. C.

The Aid Program

Sirs:

Senator Gruening's article "The Aid Program – A Senatorial Dissent" (*NR*, Nov. 30, 1963) is a mishmash of inaccuracies. The Senator uses the term "foreign aid" as if it were a program of gifts by the US to other countries. This is false. The program is composed of varieties of assistance which cost us little and serve our business and security interests. Surplus grain that would have cost the government huge storage fees is sold amid great publicity for local currency that we use for Embassy expenses and to grant loans that are tied to purchases of US exports. Other foreign aid includes military equipment that might otherwise be consigned to the junk heap.

Albert Smithies
Niles, California

"EIGHT NEGROES *sat in a restaurant. One of them asked a white girl at the next table if she'd like to dance. The eight Negroes were assailed by whites and rushed out of the restaurant; one Negro was beaten so severely he had to be taken to a hospital; the Negroes were taken into custody by the police. The whites were not bothered by the police. It all happened on November 9. In Prague.*"

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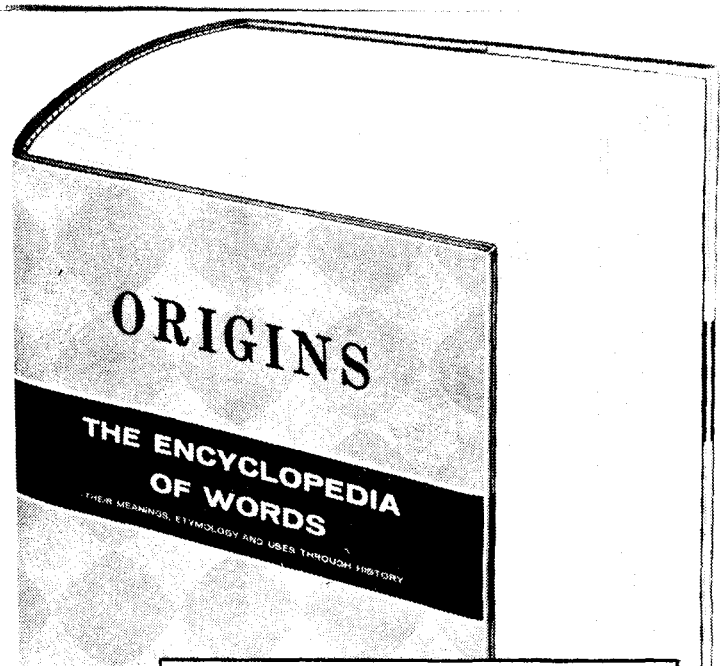

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